# NARRATIVE

OF THE

*Singular Adventures and Captivity*

OF

# THOMAS BARRY,

AMONG

## THE MONSIPI INDIANS,

IN THE

*UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF*

## NORTH AMERICA,

DURING

## THE YEARS 1797, 1798, & 1799:

INCLUDING

THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, RELIGION, &c.

Of that Tribe;

ALSO

A particular Account of his Escape, accompanied by an

INDIAN FEMALE;

The extraordinary Hardships they encountered; and their safe Arrival in London.

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# NARRATIVE,

## &c. &c.

CONFORMABLY to custom in a work of this nature, it will be deemed necessary to inform the reader, that my father, James Barry, was a respectable watchmaker in the city of Waterford, in the south of Ireland. He married the daughter of Mr. Sanderton, a reputable distiller; and I was the first fruit of their love, being born in that city on the 10th of July, 1772.

When about seven years old, I was sent to school, where I continued till I arrived at the age of fourteen; and during that time, I had acquired a slight knowledge of the classics, and made a considerable proficiency in writing and arithmetic. At length, my father kept me at home, with an intention to bring me up to his own trade. I worked four years at this business, when a letter arrived from my uncle, Mr. Thos. Barry, after whom I had been named, and who was a merchant in Charlestown, South Carolina. Among other friendly proposals for my father's welfare, my uncle offered to take me into partnership, and insisted on my being sent by the first ship from Waterford to North America.

Elated with the news, I prepared for my voyage; while my parents, though they were pleased

with the prospect of future prosperity which opened before me, yet they felt regret at the idea of parting with me—perhaps for ever.

My mother, especially, was deeply affected when the day of my departure came; she embraced me, bedewed my face with the tears of maternal sorrow; and I must confess, that all my constitutional vivacity forsook me at that moment. My father behaved with manly dignity. ——"Son Thomas," said he, "you are going to engage in the busy scenes of life at an early age; remember, my child, that a strict adherence to the precepts of morality, which I have carefully inculcated, can alone preserve your integrity in a world that abounds with vicious allurements. It is, however, a pleasing reflection to me, that I resign you to the care of a brother whose honest exertions have been successful. Be faithful, my boy, in the discharge of your duty to your uncle, whom you are now to respect as a parent; and not neglect to write to us by every opportunity."

I then received the parting benediction of my dear parents; and, attended to the adjacent quay by two porters, who carried my trunks, I went on board the President, of 400 tons, commanded by Captain Winterbotham. This vessel was an American trader, which had brought over a cargo of flax-seed, tobacco, and staves, and was freighted with linen cloth and hardware, consigned to merchants in Charlestown.

We sailed from Waterford with the morning tide, and a fair breeze, on the 20th of May 1790, and in a few hours we lost sight of Ireland. My emotions, on taking the last glance

at my native country, cannot be described; but this momentary sorrow was interrupted by that indisposition to which persons unaccustomed to the sea are liable. This sickness, however, was of short duration; and on the following day, my health and vivacity returned together.

As we glided along the surface of the vast Atlantic ocean, it was very amusing to view several ships at various distances, pursuing their solitary course, on different tracks; while the sunshine, the cool breezes, and the gambols of porpoises, which tumbled amid the waves, were highly gratifying to the mind.

The passengers were chiefly factors, except a few tradesmen, and an elderly lady, with her four daughters, who were going to reside with her son, a merchant in Charlestown.

Although these ladies were unattended by any male friend, perhaps no females were ever treated with more respect or attention by the Captain, sailors, or passengers in general. I soon had the pleasure to ingratiate myself with Mrs. Wilson, who appeared much pleased with my assiduities: her beautiful and modest daughters conversed with great chearfulness; and our friendship gradually increased in the course of the voyage.

Our amusements, indeed, were very circumscribed. The ladies had a few of the best English books, and I often read to them; one of the passengers, who was an excellent performer on the violin, played to us every fine evening, while we danced on the deck.

Thus we continued to pass the time during a voyage of six weeks; and on the second of July,

with the dawn, we found ourselves in sight of the shores of Columbia. After sailing about twenty leagues along the coast, on the following day, about noon, we arrived safe in the port of Charlestown. I assisted in putting the ladies and their baggage on shore, and proceeded with them to the house of Mr. Wilson, where I took my leave, with a promise to visit them occasionally.——I then hastened to visit my uncle; by whom I was received with every mark of affection and esteem. According to his promise he immediately took me into partnership; and in a few days introduced me to the principal merchants of Charlestown as his copartner.

This prosperous commencement was very flattering to my youthful imagination. I looked forward with the liveliest hopes of advancement in the world; and soon became so great a favourite with my uncle, who was a bachelor, that he adopted me as his heir. Meanwhile, I visited Mrs. Wilson and her family, by whom I was considered in the endearing light of a friend.

Although I had been accustomed to social enjoyments in my native city, yet even the characteristic hilarity of my countrymen was exceeded by the prosperous, lively, and polished inhabitants of Charlestown. The environs of this capital of South Carolina are enchanting;—a variety of elegant country seats, embellished with gardens, orchards, and shrubberies, appear on the banks of the rivers Ashley and Cooper, which inclose the slip of land on which the town is built; and the brisk inland navigation gives life to the rural scene. The confluence of these rivers from the harbour, which communicates with

the sea, about seven miles below the town; the streets from east to west extend from the bank of the one river to that of the other, and present beautiful prospects of the circumjacent country. These long streets are intersected by others, which form the town into squares, with the houses in front, and gardens in the rear. The old houses are mostly of wood, but the modern mansions are built with brick, and tiled roofs.—The principal public edifices are the exchange, state-house, and armory, besides a poor-house, and fifteen churches and chapels. Such is the present appearance of Charlestown a place where I spent some of the happiest hours of youth.

I lived about six years in the most amicable harmony with my uncle, and was both active and attentive to business. During this period I often visited Mrs. Wilson, who resided at an elegant country seat, belonging to her son, about six miles from the town, on the southern bank of the river Cooper. Mr. Wilson had been two years married to an accomplished young lady, who usually retired from the bustle of the town to enjoy the sweet serenity of Violet-hill, in the company of Mrs. Wilson and her accomplished daughters. I often accompanied Mr. Wilson on his visits to the happy circle, and was ever welcome to their hospitable board.

While rambling amid bowers of intermingled roses and jessamine with my fair friends, and while the surrounding perfection of inanimate nature, enlivened by pure breezes, and beautified by the summer's sun, feasted my eyes, the noblest of the passions took possession of my heart.—The reader will pardon me for dwelling a few

moments on those scenes of my former felicity, which have for ever vanished from my sight.

Eliza Wilson was the dear object of my love. She was about twenty years of age; her stature tall, and formed with the symmetry of feminine grace; her complexion was fair, her hair a light brown, and her eyes blue. The purity of her mind gave an air of delicacy to her features; she was witty, but the sallies of her imagination never violated the rules of decorum.

While I rambled with Eliza and her charming sisters amid the scenery of Violet-hill, my heart became a victim to her charms. Naturally sanguine, my feelings operated like a fever on my frame; my health languished; and it was not till after several struggles between diffidence and hope, that I ventured to declare my sentiments to the object of my attachment. My reception soothed all my fears—Eliza felt a mutual passion; and the moments which I passed in her presence were blissful beyond description. But while I was basking in the smiles of my lovely countrywoman, and indulging my fond heart with the anticipation of our mutual happiness through life, a misfortune approached, unseen, which was to destroy the fair fabric of our ideal bliss.

My uncle entered into a speculation, with other merchants, to send a variety of goods to the regions near Canada, in order to bartar with the Wiandots, an Indian nation, who exchanged large quantities of furs for arms, ammunition, tobacco, blankets, and different utensils. Twenty active young men were selected from the counting-houses of the speculators, and my partner requested me to accompany them.—

Though naturally romantic and enterprizing, I felt the greatest reluctance to engage in this adventure; but my numerous obligations to my kind friend required my compliance with his wish. He was unacquainted with my passion for Miss Wilson; and as the mercantile journey, and the time requisite for traffic, would require at least six months, I was necessiated, from motives of delicacy, to defer our union till my return.

When Eliza was informed of my intended journey, her bosom was agonized with tender sorrow. On the evening previous to my departing from Charlestown, I rode to Violet-hill, to take leave of my beloved mistress; alas! I little knew that it was to be our last interview as lovers! A mournful langour overspread the expressive countenance of Eliza. After tea, she indulged me with a private interview; and, amid sighs and tears, we vowed eternal constancy. I then took my leave of the rest of the family, and returned to the city. Next morning, the 4th of April, 1797, I left Charlestown, and proceeded with my fellow-travellers on our adventure.

Our merchandize, consisting of arms, ammunition, tobacco, and several tools of husbandry, such as spades, hoes, and hatchets, were placed in eight covered carts, which, together with another for our necessaries, comprised the whole of our vehicles. Our company amounted to 29 including the carters; we were all well mounted, and armed with pistols and sabres, to defend us against any attack of the Indians. We continued our journey through the woods for several days, without meeting any thing remarkable.

The novelty of the scenes, the chearfulness of my companions, and the fine weather at that season, soon restored my drooping spirits.

As we had passed several Indian towns, and found the different tribes very friendly, our apprehensions of danger abated, and consequently our vigilence became relaxed. One morning, as we were pursuing our journey, I was so much struck with the wild beauties of nature, that I stopped to contemplate a solitary spot, while my companions proceeded on their way. It was a sloping valley, skirted with forest and wild fruit trees, in full blossom; those sylvian branches were intermixed in wild magnificence, and covered two small natural terraces; in the middle of the valley, a fountain of translucent water gushed from the summit of a green hillock, and flowed in a rambling stream amid the fresh herbage, while a variety of singing birds, as if inspired by the charms of the place, filled the echoing coppices with their melody.

While I sat on horseback, absorbed in contemplation, I was surrounded by a band of Indians!—Incited by self preservation, I instinctively drew my sabre; but at the same moment I was stunned by a blow, and fell to the ground. As I continued motionless, the savages supposed me dead, and one of them cut the skin of my forehead, in two diagonal lines, from my eyebrows to my temples: the incision made by the scalping-knife restored me to my senses, on which the Indian desisted from his barbarous operation, and assisted me to rise I was then dragged into the woods, and though the blood flowed from my temples, those inhuman wretches

took no pains to stop the effusion, but forced me along with an air of triumph.

After thus travelling for several hours, during which I felt inexpressible pain from my wounds, the indians stopped about sun-set, and kindled a fire under shade of some very large oaks. Here they supped on the flesh of a deer, which one of them, who was an expert archer, had shot in an adjacent thicket. They gave me a small quantity of the roasted flesh, with a little maize and water, which revived my exhausted spirits; they afterwards bound my legs and arms with cords, made of the bark of trees, to prevent my escape, and then each Indian wrapped himself up in his fur cloak, lay down on the grass, and slept very sound. My despair, when I reflected on my situation, and the irritation of my nerves, in consequence of my wounds, not only precluded sleep, but threw me into a frantic delirium.

Next morning, at sun-rise, after having unbound me, and feasting on the remains of their preceding night's fare, they continued their march, and about noon we arrived at their town. As soon as we came in sight, the women hastened to congratulate their friends; and when they beheld me, supposing me to be an enemy captured in battle, they rushed forward, seized, and dragged me to an adjacent grove, where they bound me to an oak-tree, and then brought a number of faggots, which they piled round me, with an intention of burning me to death.

When all things were ready for their intended sacrifice, a woman came hastily from one of the wigwams, with a lighted torch in her hand, and stood in anxious expectation of the signal when

she should kindle the wood that was to consume me. Meanwhile, my tormentors expressed their exultations by hideous yells and frequent bursts of laughter, while the men stood in groups at a distance, looking on with the greatest composure.

The painful emotions of horror sickened my heart, and for a moment deprived me of sensation. On my recovery, I beheld a young Indian female on one knee before an old woman, and in the attitude of supplication, while she pointed at me. The old woman approached the tree with an uplifted tomahawk, and when I imagined she was going to kill me, and thus prevent a lingering turture, she cut the cords that bound me, and led me to her youthful friend.

Thus snatched from death, the transition from grief to joy was so sudden, that I felt the tears of gratitude overflow my eyes, while my deliverer viewed me with looks of complacency.—She took me by the hand, and conducted me to a hut, where she set refreshments before me; and by her gestures shewed how much she rejoiced at having saved my life.

I endeavoured, by signs, to express my grateful sense of her humanity. She washed my festering wounds with great care, and applied a healing simple; she next prepared me a bed, of deer-skins and furs, to which I gladly retired.—A refreshing sleep recruited my almost exhausted spirits; and my preserver attended me with unremitted solicitude for a few days, till my wounds were completely healed.

Oneida, which was the name of my female friend, endeavoured, with no small degree of success, to teach me the Indian language; and

in a short time I plainly perceived that she was passionately enamoured with the object of her benignity:—so true is the sentiment, that "pity melts the minds to love." The frequency of her sighs, and the tremulous softness of her voice when she spoke to me, were convincing proofs of her affection; but a prior engagement occupied my heart; and I could feel nothing but the purest gratitude for this young Indian; a short history of whom I shall now present to the reader.

Oneida received her name in consequence of a signal victory obtained by the Monsipi nation over the Oneidas; her father was a chief among the warriors of the former, and his daughter was named after the nation he had conquered, in order to commemorate that event. This brave warrior had been slain about two years prior to my captivity; and Oneida and her mother were left to the protection of his tribe. They were treated with every token of attention by the other Indians, who continued to reverence the memory of a man who had so often led them to conquest. It was the mother of Oneida who had cut the cords, and led me to her daughter; nor did the old woman seem offended at the young Indian's partiality.

Oneida was esteemed one of the most beautiful of her nation; her complexion was more delicate than that of the other Monsipi women, which is mostly a reddish brown, and is rendered so by art, being considered by many of them as the most beautiful hue. The virtues of Oneida's father, however, had given him so great an ascendancy in his tribe, that his daughter was permitted to follow the dictates of a mind natu-

rally harmonized to decency. She took a particular pleasure in cleanliness; she was reserved and modest in her demeanor; and though beloved by several Indian warriors, she was a virgin. I mention this circumstance, because it is uncommon among a people who, by a most preposterous depravation of reason, permit incontinence in females before marriage, but punish any lapse of their married women with unrelenting cruelty.

My deliverer was about seventeen years of age, of the middle stature, and elegantly formed; her features were remarkably fine, especially her large sparkling black eyes; her hair overspread her shoulders, and her bosom, which swelled with the luxuriance of youth, was partly concealed by a linen shift; her gown, or rather robe, was made of the finest furs, which gave her a very august air.——Such was the person whose humanity saved me from an untimely end.

I shall here take the opportunity of introducing, for the entertainment of the reader, a short sketch of the manners, customs, &c., of a people among whom I was destined to experience many vicissitudes.

The Monsipi Indians are in general of the common stature, very straight and well made; and scarcely ever any crooked or deformed person is found among them. Their complexion, in its natural state, is tolerably fair, but they generally render it, by art, of a reddish brown; their features vary little from those of Europeans, especially the women's, whose eyes are black; their hair is also black, and very long. The common dress of the men is the skin of a deer, which they wear as a cloak; they tie another piece

about the middle, and their feet and legs are covered with pieees of deer-skin, to preserve them from thorns and the bite of snakes; they wear no covering on their heads. The dress of the women, which is composed of furs, consists of a cloak, something similar in shape to the men, and a garment of the same reaching to their feet, which are covered with sandals and deer-skins; their heads also uncovered, but their hair is extremely long.

Their huts, or wig-wams, are of a sugar-loaf shape, about twelve feet high, formed of the branches of trees, and covered with mats or bark. A hole is left at the top, which serves for entrance, window, and chimney. The women have a door at the side, made of deer-skins, but the men ascend and descend by poles, notched deep enough to hold the toe. Their utensils are chiefly earthen pots and pans.

Their principal weapons are bows and arrows, which, with the tomahawk (being a hammer on one side and a sharp hatchet on the other) and scalping-knife, equips the Indian warrior for the field. They frequently engage their enemies on the water, as well as on land, though they have no better vessels than canoes, which are only large trees made hollow.

This tribe, when they receive notice of any injuries done to their friends, immediately summon a meeting of their best warriors and chiefs. At this assembly they discuss the matter, and settle the manner in which the injury is to be revenged. To this vengeance they are greatly stimulated by the females. After it is determined, as many as are able to bear arms set out,

with a small stock of provisions, every man carrying his own food. They will march to a considerable distance, with great expedition to gratify their rancour; and endure hunger sometimes for three or four days together. When the hostile parties meet, after the first shower of arrows, they rush on each other with their tomahawks; and the dispute is soon terminated, by the death or flight of one party. The dead of the vanquished are then scalped, * and the prisoners are bound, to prevent their escape.

* *The following method of scalping, which is practised by the North American Indians in general, and the curious anecdote annexed, is extracted, by the Publisher, from Mr. Long's Travels.*

"When an Indian strikes a person on the temple with a tomahawk, the victim instantly drops; he then seizes his hair with one hand, twisting it very tight together, to seperate the skin from the head, and placing his knee on the breast, with the other he draws the scalping-knife from the sheath, and cuts the skin round the forehead, pulling it off with his teeth. As he is very dextrous, the operation is generally performed in two minutes. The scalp is then extended on three hoops, dried in the sun, and rubbed over with vermillion. Some of the Indians, in time of war, when scalps are well paid for, divide one into five or six parts, and carry them to the nearest post, in hopes of recovering a reward proportionate to the number.

"When the scalp is taken from the head of one of their people, they frequently make the dead body of advantage to them, by dressing it up, and painting it with vermillion; then place it against a tree, with weapons in its hand, to induce the other Indians to suppose it an enemy on the watch; and round the body they set spears in the ground, so as scarcely to be discernible. The Indians, on seeing the person against the tree, and anxious make him a prisoner, in the eagerness of running fall on the points of the spears, and being disabled from proceeding, easily made prisoners.

When the expedition is ended, the conquerors return with their captives; and a swiftfooted messenger announces their approach to the town. Upon this intelligence, the women run out to meet them; the prisoners are then presented to the widows or relations of those who had been slain; from among whom they frequently chuse

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"The following anecdote will sufficiently shew the dexterity of these people in this horid art.

"A Mohawk, of the name of Scunnionsa, or the Elk, and a Chippeway Indian, of the name of Cark Cark, or the Crow, having met at a council of war, near Crown Point, in the year 1757, were extolling their own merits, and boasting of their supersority in taking scalps. The Mohawk contended that he could take a larger than the Chippeway warrior, who was very highly offended, and desired that the experiment might be made. They parted, each pursuing a different route, after having first agreed to meet at a certain place on a particular day, when a council was to be held. At the time appointed they returned and appeared at the council. The Mohawk laid down his scalp, which was the skin of the head and neck of a man, stuffed with fine moss, and sewed up with deer's sinews, and the eyes fastened in. The chiefs expressed their approbation, and pronounced him to be a great and brave warrior. The Chippeway then rose, and looking earnestly at the Mohawk, said it was an old woman's scalp, which considered as a term of great reproach, and called to one of his sons to bring forward his scalp; when instantly he exhibited to their view the complete skin of a man, stuffed with down feathers, and sewed very close with deer's sinews. The chiefs loaded him with praise, and unanimously acknowledged his superiority.

"The Mohawk warrior, fired with resentment, withdrew from the council, meditating revenge; and as soon as he saw the Chippeway come forth, he followed him, and watching a convenient opportunity, dispatched him with his tomahawk, rejoicing that he had, even in this dastardly manner, got rid of a victorious rival."

some to supply the places of the deceased; and those who are not so fortunate as to engage their attention in this respect, they put to the most cruel deaths.

Their marriage ceremony consists simply in the bride's presenting the bridegroom with a full ear of maize, or Indian corn, while he, in return, puts round her shoulders a cloak of the finest fur. After which, the sachem, or priest, pronounces his blessing.

On the third day after the birth of a child, if a male, the father invites all the men in his neighbourhood, to consider of a name for the infant; if a female, the mother invites those of her own sex. When assembled, they squat down on the floor, in a circle, and after partaking of a repast (to which each of the visitors contributes, by bringing something towards furnishing the entertainment) the child is placed in the centre; several names are then proposed, and that which is approved of by the majority, is adopted.

A mother suckles her child till it attains the age of four or five years, and sometimes till it is six or seven.

When any one of the tribe dies, the relations assemble to console each other on that melancholy event; the corpse is then wrapped in fur, and conveyed on a kind of a beir to the cemetery, which is situated on a small eminence near the town. If the deceased has been a warrior, his bow and quiver are placed transversely on his grave; if a female, a few of her ornaments are scattered over her remains.

When my health was perfectly re-established I felt a strong desire to escape; Eliza contin

ally occupied all my thoughts; nor could all the blandishments of Oneida efface the image of my beloved countrywoman from my breast. I had now lived some months among the Indians, and acquired a sufficient knowledge of their language to enable me to join in conversation with Oneida and her mother. The former was cateress; she caught fish in an adjacent river, which she dressed in her own simple, cleanly manner; she also frequently procured venison, fowl, bread made of Indian corn or maize, and fruits of several kinds. Indeed, the behaviour of Oneida was so respectful and tender, that I esteemed her as a sister; and, emboldened by her condescensions, one evening, while sitting with her on the bank of the river, I entreated her permission to escape. When she heard this request, the fresh colour instantly forsook her cheeks; she continued a few moments silent, then sobbed, and wept aloud. Affected by her tears, I embraced her, and entreated her not to grieve..... "Then why do you make me grieve?" replied she. "Ah! little does my affection deserve such a return!" "Forgive me, Oneida," said I, and believe me, I will never attempt to leave you, without your consent."

A joyful smile animated her countenance as I uttered these words; and she quickly replied, "Then you will never leave me; for sooner would I die than consent to our seperation." Saying this, she pressed me to her bosom, with all the fondness of untutored nature.

This was the trying moment,—My obligations to the beautiful Indian, excited the warmest glow of gratitude in my heart, which was now soften-

ed into tenderness by her tears; and, encircled in the arms of a generous woman, who had saved my life, on whose bounty I lived, and without whose assistance it would be impossible for me to regain my liberty—Eliza was forgotten—and in this exigence I resolved to comply with the inclinations of my benefactress. Ere we parted, we expressed a mutual passion; and in a few days after, we were married, in the presence of all the Indians. Thus, by a fortuitous series of events, I became the husband of Oneida, whose love was sentimental and enthusiastic; but little did she know the keen remorse that racked my soul, when reflection reproached me with the violation of my vows to Eliza!

Necessity alone is my only plea of extenuation; and indeed the peculiarity of my situation seemed to admit of no alternative; for probably the tenderness of the Indian would have given place to the most inveterate hatred, had I rejected her proffered love; and the consequence would have been my inevitable destruction!—Let no advocate for unsullied rectitude, therefore condemn my conduct without mature consideration, and he will find that my infidelity to my first and ever-regretted love, did not proceed from levity, but from the urgency of the case.

My spouse, whose heart had never before felt the influence of the strong passion, enjoyed the pure delight of a virtuous attachment; her happiness seemed perfect; every night she sunk to repose in the embraces of a man whom she idolized, and each morning her bosom thrilled with new endearments.

Being now considered by the Indians as one

of their brethren, and having adopted their dress, &c., I was permitted to ramble at large, and called upon to give my opinion on public matters relating to the tribe. The proficiency which I had made in their language, enabled me to converse with facility; and I soon ingratiated myself into the favour of a venerable Indian, named Wrangfen, who presided at the religious ceremonies, on account of his superior wisdom and virtue.

During an evening walk with him along the bank of the river, I requested him to give me the history of the Monsipi nation. Wrangfen, who was fatigued with the walk, sat down on a green hillock, beneath a lofty oak, and consented to gratify my curiosity.

"Son," said the venerable man, "I will now acquaint you with the traditionary history of the North-American Indians, as handed down to us from the earliest times;" which he did, in the following words:

"Our ancestor was created by the good Spirit, and placed in this country with a wife, and from their union have proceeded all the Indians who inhabited this great continent. When the Indians increased in number, they divided themselves into several tribes; many ages have elapsed since that division, insomuch, that we have long ceased to consider all Indians as brethren; nay, we are often obliged to go to war with other tribes, to secure our liberties. Our particular nation became numerous and enterprising, and inhabited a large extent of the sea-coast, where they lived happily for many ages. The rich soil yielded them abundance of grain and fruits; the

sea, lakes, and rivers supplied them with fish; and the elk, the wild boar, and other animals, fell pierced with their arrows in the chace. The good Spirit, who is the father of Areskoni, the god of battle, gave them all these blessings, but the bad Spirit sent the Europeans to interrupt their happiness. The invaders defeated the Indians, who were obliged to fly with their women and children to the woods, leaving their ancient inheritance to the conquerors. Here they have lived by fishing, hunting, and cultivating fertile spots of ground. The present population of the Monsipi nation is about two thousand; three-fourths of whom inhabit our town, which we have called Monsipina, and the other five hundred live in another town, called Onhimas.

"Our religious ceremonies are few, and easily understood; they all have a reference to two grand objects; first, the homage which we owe to the good Spirit; and justice to each other.—We belive in the existence of two principals—the good Spirit, and the evil Demon. The former is the creator of every thing that is useful to us; the latter, on the contrary, endeavours to make our lives miserable; he is the cause of all our misfortunes, sickness, defeat, and every other ill. To-morrow evening will be the full of the moon, at which time we always meet to worship the good Spirit; and as you are now our brother, I shall expect you to join us."——Here he ceased, and we returned.

On the evening of the following day, I accompanied Wrangfen to the sylvan temple appropriated to their religious worship. It covered an extent of about a rood, being circular

and formed of two hundred large oak-trees, the branches of which had been so artfully interwoven, as to form a lofty and close roof, that excluded the rain. In the centre of this majestic edifice, there was an altar, formed of verdant turf, about four feet high. The entrance was towards the town, with an extensive level area in front.

On our arrival, we found all the young Indians of both sexes standing promiscuously together. On a signal given by Wrangfen, the men retired to the limits of the temple; the women, among whom was Oneida, then approached the altar, around which they formed a circle, and sung a hymn in praise of the good Spirit. An Indian youth now entered the temple with a basket, which he presented to Wrangfen; who offered its contents, consisting of fruits and honey, in honour of the Deity.

He afterwards, in a short discourse, reminded the Indians of the many blessings which they enjoyed; health, plenty, and above all, their liberty; he told them, that all these benefits were the gift of their good Spirit, who, after death, would convey them to everlasting pleasures; he exhorted them to love one another, and daily return praises to that good Being, from whose bounty proceeded life and light, and every good thing. He then dismissed his auditors who retired with a serious and contended air.

I could not help admiring the purity and simplicity of the Indian religion, and its remote affinity to Christianity.

The approach of winter reminded the Indians to provide fuel and food; they collected vast piles

of firewood, and caught as many fish as possible, which, together with maize, and the flesh of wild boars and deer, was the whole of our provisions. The frost became very intense, and the snow covered the ground. We continued in our wigwams during the severe weather; and every evening a number of both sexes met in a large wigwam, and danced to the wild music of a kind of flute, which, accompanied with a small drum, had a cheering effect. The Indians have practised this custom of dancing in winter time immemorial, and, as it were, instinctively, as a substitute for other exercises.

Spring at length returned; and early in the month of April my Oneida was delivered of a son. This pledge of love, and her undiminished tenderness, so completely engaged my heart, that I endeavoured totally to forget Eliza.

In course of the summer of 1799, a circumstance occurred, which involved me in new dangers. A small hunting party of our young men had fallen into an ambuscade of the Ooromin nation, with whom our tribe had been at war, and out of ten, only four of the party escaped. We immediately assembled in the large wigwam appropriated to public affairs; and Wrungfen, in a short harangue, animated us to revenge the blood of our brethern. It would be difficult to describe the powerful effect his address had on the auditors. The women also did not fail to exhort us to vengence. The warriors immediately hastened to prepare their arrows, and whet their tomahawks. I offered my service, and was, by general consent, appointed second in command. A chief, called Renoui, or the Son

t Lightning, was chosen for our leader. This warrior was a tall, muscular, fierce-looking man, nd had often signalized his valour in the field.

We concerted the best plan of action. I suggested the use of spears, and pointed out their reat utility. My ideas were adopted; iron was ollected, and forged, in a rough manner, into ne hundred spears, each two feet long; we fasened them into poles, of about eight feet in ength. I then selected a hundred of our most thletic young men, formed them into a seperate orps, and equipped each with a spear and a omahawk. I taught them to march and wheel n regular order, and convinced them of the neessity of their keeping closely embodied, when ngaged with the enemy.

In a few days we were ready to march. Our ittle army, amounting to three hundred men, eft the town early in the morning, and we were guided towards the enemy my the four men who had recently been waylaid.

We dispatched six of our most active and inrepid men, in different directions, to reconnoitre he enemy. On the fourth day of our march, wo of our scouts returned, with intelligence hat they had discovered the army of the Ooroinins, in great force, advancing towards us.— We immediately prepared to attack them. Renour, with his archers, led the van, and I exhorted my spearmen to keep their ranks, and dhere to that discipline, which would ensure us he victory. I had pre-concerted a plan with our chief to feign a retreat, and, if possible, raw the enemy into open ground, where my

spearmen could act with most effect. Though we advanced with the greatest silence and precaution, the enemy had been apprized of our approach; and, according to custom, lay flat on the ground, concealed by the thickets.

About noon, as a small party of our van-guard penetrated the thickest part of the wood, with their bows bent, our ears was assailed by the well-known war-whoop, one of the most terrific sounds in nature. Renoui and his party were attacked by a shower of musket-bullets, which killed and wounded several of the men. He instantly betook himself to the usual mode of bush-fighting; each warrior ran to a tree, from behind which he discharged his arrows at the enemy, whenever he could take a certain aim; but their fire-arms gave them a superiority over our archers; and on a particular yell given by Renoui, as a signal, they retreated to a savannah[4] about half a mile in the rear, where I waited with my impatient spearmen. The enemy pursued our flying troops with horrid cries of triumph; when our archers approached my corps, they made a stand, discharged a volley of arrows, and retired to the rear of our line. Stimulated by their success, the Ooooromins rushed forward to attack us; but though they were more numerous, and armed with muskets and bayonets, which, however, they used but awkwardly, yet, from the length of our spears, we had a manifest advantage. As they came upon us pellmell, I ordered my spearmen to charge; we advanced in a firm phalanx, and attacked the enemy with such impetuosity, that in a few minutes they fled in all directions.

Renoui and his party joined in the pursuit; and in less than two hours from the commencement of the action, we were completely victorious. In this battle we killed and wounded upwards of 200 of the enemy; took 60 prisoners; and the residue of their army, amounting to above one 100, sheltered themselves in the woods. We lost only 20 men; and I was slightly wounded in the shoulder by a musket bullet.

We now returned in triumph to the town, where we were received with every demonstration of joy. The women, however, who had lost their relations, were inconsolable, and eager to sacrifice our prisoners to their vengeance. I expostulated with them on the cruelty of this impolitic custom; and prevailed upon them to adopt the prisoners into their tribe, by which they received an accession of forty young men more than they lost.

The Indians were so well pleased with my behaviour in the battle, and on this occasion, that I was now chosen as their chief warrior, Renoui cheerfully resigning in my favour.

The total defeat of the enemy rendered it unnecessary to prosecute the war; especially as a party, whom we had sent in pursuit of the fugitives, returned with 30 prisoners, and the scalps of above twenty whom they had killed. We adopted these prisoners also; and by their own account of their population, it will probably be many years before the peace of the Monsipi nation will be again disturbed by the enterprising and warlike Ooromins.

The joy of Oneida, on my return, was extreme; she once more performed the part of a

surgeon, and in a few days my wound was perfectly healed. Yet, amid these wild scenes, the image of Eliza often presented itself to my imagination. I felt an unconquerable desire to rejoin civilized society, and endeavoured to persuade Oneida to escape with me. I described the pleasures and amusements which we should share in Charlestown; but she was proof against those allurements, and used every argument to dissuade me from my purpose.

Finding all my intreaties ineffectual, I endeavoured to reconcile my feelings to my situation; especially as winter approached, which would have rendered our journey more tedious and dangerous. This winter was more severe than the former; but we were so well supplied with food and fuel, that it passed away almost imperceptibly; and the welcome spring visited us early in March.

My desire to escape now returned with redoubled force; but as my wife continued inexorable, I fell into a deep melancholy; nor could the chearful smiles of Oneida and our son, together with the affectionate attention of our mother, dissipate the gloom that overwhelmed my spirits. I often wandered through the circumjacent wood, or along the banks of the river, almost in a state of apathy, which continued till the beginning of autumn. Oneida perceived the languishing state of my health, and rightly judging the cause, she, with the solicitude of true affection, consented to renounce her mother and her nation for my sake, and accompany me in my flight!

This generous resolution had the desired effect; my health was soon restored; and after a

residence of two years and four months among the Monsipi Indians, I left their town about the middle of August, 1799, accompanied by my wife and child. On the evening previous to our departure, my heart was deeply affected by the filial tenderness of Oneida. She had ever been a dutiful child; but her attentions on this occasion excited the surprise of her mother.—Oneida put her to bed, and, with a parting kiss, wished her a good night. She immediately retired to our part of the wigwam, where, overcome by sorrow, she fainted in my arms, and, on her recovery, a few tears relieved her heart.

We set out about midnight; very fortunately our little boy was asleep; for had he been awake, and given a single cry, it might have alarmed the Indians, as we passed through the town, and consequently prevented our escape. But now, wrapped in a mantle of fur, and slumbering in his mother's arms, the little adventurer was obliged to share the vicissitudes of his fugitive parents.

Oneida had attired herself in her richest fur dress; I was also wrapped in a cloak of fur; our heads were covered, though contrary to custom, with caps also of fur; and our feet were protected from the thorny thickets, by a kind of sandals, made of deer-skin. We proceeded through the wood in an eastern direction. The night was remarkably dark; insomuch, that I soon lost the distinct idea of the quarter towards which we travelled: the hissing of numerous serpents around, added horror to the obscurity; and my only defence was a spear. When the dawn began to enlighten the face of nature, we were almost certain we should be pursued; and if taken,

our death would inevitably follow. We therefore retired into the thickest part of the wood, and climbed a low branchy oak, which at once screened us, and formed a comfortable couch.

We fell asleep, and about noon were awaked by the sound of voices. A small party of the Indians passed within a few paces of the oak where we lay concealed; they looked around, and we could plainly hear them threaten vengeance against me! I turned my eyes on Oneida, who was pale with terror. We fortunately eluded their search; and before sunset, had the satisfaction to perceive them return towards the town, with looks of fatigue and vexation.

We now shared a repast, consisting of maize, venison, and fruit; and as the evening closed, we descended from the tree, and proceeded on our journey. I carried our little boy, who, by his innocent smiles, and attempts to speak served to amuse us. We travelled all night through the intricate mazes of the woods, and about sunrise we found ourselves quite exhausted.

Being now at a considerable distance from the Indian town, we thought ourselves tolerably secure; and after a little refreshment, laid ourselves to repose on a mossy bank, beneath the shade of a large apple-tree. We awoke about the middle of the day, found our spirits perfectly recruited, and proceeded with renovated alacrity. As we advanced towards the back settlements we passed two deserted cottages, which had probably been occupied by those whimsical individuals who, for reasons best known to themselves, separate from the rest of the settlers; and having met with a fertile spot, they clear and cultiv-

it, till the soil is exhausted, and then remove to another place.

Though still environed with woods, we were encouraged by this sign of our aproach to the colonies; and no longer apprehensive of being pursued, we proceeded cheerfully along. I observed however, that Oneida sighed often; regret at having left her native place and friends, for ever, occasioned these inarticulate breathings of sorrow; but a kind look and soothing expression from me, instantly dispelled her grief. I treated her with that tenderness and delicacy which her peculiar situation required; for I now considered myself as her protector; and full of admiration of her virtuous love, I resolved never to forsake this generous woman, to whom I was indebted to life and liberty. As we proceeded, I frequently struck down with my spear some of the ripest wild apples and pears for our sustenance; indeed, they were now our only food; for we had only a small quantity of maize left, which was reserved for the child, and which his mother was obliged to macerate for him.

The sky, which, during the day had displayed a beautiful azure expance, suddenly became cloudy towards the evening. Large copper-coloured clouds moved slowly along the atmosphere; not a breeze shook the glossy leaves of the trees, and darkness soon closed around. All was silence, except the sound of our footsteps, and the noise of the rattlesnakes, (similar to the warning of a clock going to strike) sometimes within a few paces of us; this awful situation, in which we might be said to tread upon death at every step, was rendered still more

dreadful by a violent thunder-storm.—The red lightning burst from the clouds, and blazed before us, while successive peals of thunder shook the ground!——Oneida clung to my arm; she trembled with apprehension—and exclaimed, with a voice of terror, "Ah! my husband, the evil demon is abroad—he has raised this storm to destroy us!"——"Do not fear, my love," replied I; "the good spirit will protect us: come, Oneida, let me conduct you to a place of safety." We then proceeded a little farther.

The reader may conceive an idea of our perilous situation, by reflecting that we were every moment in danger of being bit by a rattle-snake, which would be certain death; or of being killed either by lightning, or the trees which it struck down in different directions! Fortunately, by the momentary glare of the flashes, I perceived a deserted hut, which, although in a ruinous state, afforded us sufficient protection. We sat down on a large log, our child, who had been terrified by the storm, soon fell asleep in his mother's lap, and I supported them both in my arms.

The assemblage of horrors that gave Oneida so much pain, filled my mind with sublime emotions, while I contemplated the unusual night-scene. I beheld the irresistible lightning rend the dense clouds, and flame along with astonishing velocity above the lofty trees. Innumerable fire-flies glided through the air; their incessant coruscations appeared like large sparks of fire; insomuch, that the whole wood seemed kindling into a blaze. The reiterated loud thunder-claps almost deafened me, and seemed to convulse na-

ture; heavy showers of rain, driven by tempestuous gusts, rattled among the leaves of the trees like hail. A waterfall, at a short distance, being swelled by the rain, poured a loud and incessant torrent; while several trees, which were struck by the lightning, fell, from time to time, with a tremendous crash, and completed this awful combination of terror and sublimity.—This dreadful storm, which raged with violence for some hours, abated towards morning, and about sunrise the weather became serene and pleasant.

A most enchanting morning envited us to continue our journey; the air was calm and mild; the sun unclouded and animating; majestic trees towered around, chequering the lawns with their shade. This wild magnificent display of sylvan grandeur cheered our drooping spirits; and for some little time we travelled on with alacrity; but hunger began to prey upon us, and fruits were our only sustenance. The nutriment, however, afforded by those was insufficient to support us; besides, the being accustomed, for some time, to such food, at length disordered our stomachs, and relaxed the whole nervous system. Painful gripings and nausea succeeded; yet still we advanced slowly, mutually encouraging each other. The health of our little son continued unimpaired; and this circumstance afforded us some consolation.

To detail our sufferings would be tedious and uninteresting; suffice it, therefore, to say, that we travelled five days after our Indian corn was entirely consumed, except what we kept for the

subsistance of the child; and during a toilsome and tedious journey, we were necessitated to live on apples, pears, and berries, with a little water. I perceived Oneida's countenance become languid and faint; and I felt my own strength daily decay. In this deplorable state we proceeded, as nearly as I can guess, about ten miles a day; nor was it possible, in our exhausted state, to travel faster.

I now repented that I had allured Oneida from her friends, as I saw nothing but famine before our eyes, and that a lingering death must end our misery. In this disconsolate state, we once more betook ourselves to repose under the shade of an oak-tree; I placed our little boy on one side, and supporting my meek and uncomplaining spouse with a small heap of moss, which I collected for her bed, we fell asleep. We awoke early; and though almost famished, agreed to struggle on a little farther, in hopes of meeting an Indian town, or a back settlement. After walking, or rather crawling, for about half an hour, we came to an open country, sheltered towards the north-east by a range of mountains. Elated by this new appearance of the face of the country, I encouraged Oneida to keep up her spirits, and, to our inexpressible joy, we soon came in view of a village. Our feelings were so much overpowered with the sight, that we sat down for a few minutes.—"My dear Oneida," exclaimed I, "thank Heaven, we shall soon arrive at a place of safety!"—She heard me with complacency, and looked down on her son with a languid smile; but she was unable to make any answer. I wa

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after a sound sleep of several hours, we were again presented with light nourishing refreshments. On the following day, I was able to rise; but Oneida continued in a very languid state for several days.

During this interval, I satisfied the curiosity of our kind hostess, and the rest of the villagers with an account of my singular adventures.—Mrs. Benson was astonished at the recital. The gentlewoman was a widow, and proprietor of the village and adjoining estate. She appeared to be highly interested in our fate; and generously proposed to advance money sufficient to purchase decent clothes for us, and to defray the expences of our journey to Charlestown. I accepted her benevolent offer; and prevailed upon Oneida to adopt the habit worn by her sex in polished communities. In a few days, my wound being pretty well recovered, we left the village in a covered travelling cart, after I had returned my acknowledgments to the lady and her good-natured cottagers for their humanity. After a journey of several days, we arrived at Orangeburg, a small village within a few miles of Charlestown. Here we stopped for a night; and the following morning, about ten o'clock, we reached the capital, and were set down at my uncle's. That affectionate man was both astonished and delighted to find me alive; but when I gave him a shert sketch of my story, the virtues of Oneida excited his warmest admiration.

The news of my arrival soon spread through the city; and next day I was visited and congratulated by several of my former fellow-travellers in the journey to Canada; but many of them

zens came to see me and my spouse, merely from motives of curiosity. Among other visitors, Mr. Wilson came to pay his respects. He expressed much concern at my altered appearance, on beholding me pale, emaciated, and my forehead disfigured with scars. Among other topics, he mentioned his sister Eliza, whom, he said, my supposed death had brought to the verge of the tomb. He informed me that she then lived at Violet-hill; and though her health was somewhat restored, yet her mind was strongly impressed with tender melancholy. I was deeply affected; —I trembled for the consequences of my marriage, and carefully concealed that circumstance from Mr. Wilson.

The wonder of Oneida, on beholding the city, was beyond the power of description.—The houses, the inhabitants, the different carriages, the shops, and the shipping, presented such a variety to her mind, that her understanding was almost bewildered. She asked me a thousand questions, which I answered in such a manner as explained the propriety of all that she beheld. Her mind gradually improved, and regained its natural serenity; while the friendly attention of of my uncle to her and the child, raised the liveliest esteem in her heart.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wilson communicated the intelligence of my return to Eliza. A new scene of woe again tortured my imagination.—I beheld, in idea, my first love under the influence of hope and joy; I then saw her fond wishes frustrated, and her heart overwhelmed with despair!—This presentiment filled my bosom with sorrow; nor could the kindness of my uncle, the smiles of

my playful infant, or the endearments of Oneida, dissipate the gloom. Alas! my forebodings were soon realized! The particulars of my strange adventures had reached Violet-hill, and the unfortunate Eliza became the victim of her excessive sensibility.

On the evening of the fourth day after my arrival at Charlestown, as we were sitting at tea, with a few friends, a servant came with a letter to my uncle. He read it, and calling me into another apartment, gave me the letter, with an injunction to preserve my fortitude. It contained as follows:

"SIR,

"The joy occasioned in my family by the return of your nephew, was inexpressible. My poor Eliza was enchanted; and modesty alone prevented her from flying to embrace her long-lost lover.——But, alas! Sir, when she heard that he was married, the most poignant sorrow took possession of her mind. She is dangerously ill, and the physicians are alarmed at her situation.——I write not to reproach your nephew, but to prepare him for the worst that may happen; for I am perfectly convinced of his generosity and honour.

"I am, &c.

"SARAH WILSON."

My bosom was agonized with grief on reading this letter. I returned it to my uncle; and my dejection increased every moment. Oneida perceived the change and enquired the cause with tender solicitude.—"A dear friend is sick, my love," I answered; and she sighed with sympathetic feeling.

My uncle immediately returned the following answer to Mrs. Wilson:

"MADAM,

"I sincerely regret the indisposition of your daughter, and fervently pray Heaven may restore her to her friends. My nephew is disconsolate. He has suffered many afflictions since you saw him; insomuch, that you would scarce know him. He is no longer the lively, handsome man who arrived with you in this city; but a pale, emaciated wretch, disfigured with scars, and exhausted with hardships. He begs your Eliza's forgiveness; and if she knew his story, it would excite her pity, not her anger. Pray, write to us; and may your next letter communicate the joyful tidings that your daughter is out of danger.

"I am, Madam, &c.

"T. BARRY."

I continued under the torture of suspense all the subsequent day; every rap at the door made me tremble; nor could the soothings of my affectionate spouse alleviate my misery. About sunset, a servant came, on full speed, with a letter to my uncle. He read it in the counting-house, and instantly sent for me. The letter contained these few words:

"Alas! Mr. Barry, my Eliza is dying!—She expresses an earnest wish to see your nephew. I beg he will hasten to indulge this last request.

"S. WILSON."

As I read this billet, my head grew giddy.—I made a short pause, and determined to set off instantly for Violet-hill. My uncle endeavoured to dissuade me from my purpose; but finding his

attempts vain, and considering the feeble state of my health, he immediately ordered a post-chaise, as the easiest conveyance.

Oneida, whose sorrow and alarm had been excited by my situation, and unconscious of the real cause, was desirous to accompany me.—— "No, my dear," said I, "this visit to an expiring friend must be paid alone. I shall return to-morrow."——I then stepped into the chaise, and desired the driver to proceed with all possible expedition.

When arrived at Violet-hill, I entered, with feeble and trembling limbs, the mansion where I had spent so many happy hours. I was conducted to Mrs. Wilson, who embraced me, saying, "Ah! Sir, this is a mournful meeting!"— "Madam," replied I, "I fear my misfortunes have involved you and your amiable family in misery.——Lead me to the presence of your daughter."

We entered the chamber where the young, beautiful, and beloved Eliza lay, with angelic resignation, awaiting the moment of dissolution. When I was announced, she started, and instinctively turned her eyes towards the door.— She recognized me at the first glance, as was evident from the transient gleam of joy that beamed in her eyes. I approached the bed, and knelt before her, unable to articulate a word.

While I viewed her ghastly image, my heart was tortured with unutterable woe. She held out her hand; and as I pressed it to my lips, a faint blush for a moment glided over her cheek. After several efforts, I cried, "My beloved Eliza, can you forgive your destroyer?—Alas! must

my misfortunes cause your death! Is there no hope of your recovery?——I paused—I found my reason wandering; and while I proceeded to express the incoherent effusions of frantic sorrow, she feebly replied, "No, Mr. Barry, the power of medicine cannot prevent my journey to another world; I behold Death as a messenger of Mercy, who comes to remove me from a transitory state of existance; nor do I reproach you as the cause of my sorrows; being conscious that the peculiarity of your adventures afford a sufficient extenuation of your conduct. I feel my spirits revived in your presence—your tenderness, my ever-loved friend, is like a cordial to my heart; but this interval of serenity is only the harbinger of eternal repose."——"Dearest Eliza," said I, "perhaps Heaven may yet restore you to our prayers." While I spoke, I felt her hand, which I clapsed, tremble and grow cold, almost instantaneously. She whispered, "I feel the springs of life ebbing fast;—do not leave me—let me have the consolation that you will close my eyes!"—Her voice faltered—a cold damp overspread her face; and as I wiped it away, she feebly pressed my hand, uttered an ejaculation—and expired!——

The shock was too great for my enfeebled frame; I fell into a state of lethargic stupor, in which I continued several hours; on my recovery, Mr. Wilson entreated me to return to the city. I consented; but insisted on seeing Eliza the last time. He accompanied me to the apartment where the body lay. I summoned my fortitude; and contemplated the cold remains

with mournful sensations. I dropped a partin tear; and retired in solemn silence.

I then visited Mrs. Wilson and her daughters mingled my tears with their's, and parted wit expressions of mutual esteem.——On my retur to Charlestown, Oneida, whose fears had bee excited at my delay, received me with demon strations of genuine affection.

The noise which Miss Wilson's death create in the city, and the intensity of my feelings that melancholy event, rendered my life miser ble. I therefore resolved to return to Europe, hopes, by distance, to cast, a veil over the cau of my sorrows. This determination was hea by my uncle with regret; he had fondly hop that his adopted son would have been happy u der his protection, but he was now convinc of the propriety of my quitting a place wher had become the topic of public conversation. My affectionate Indian shuddered at the idea a voyage; but her attachment overcome her fe and she prepared to accompany me.

I engaged our passage for London, on bo the Minerva, Capt. Wilkinson; but as the was not completely freighted, we did not for a month after; during which time I dev my whole study to the instruction of Oneid the English language, and to which she gav much attention, that she could now conver it with tolerable facility.

When the vessel was ready to sail, my g rous uncle gave me bills on London to the am of four thousand pounds; he was very des that we should leave the child; but mat tenderness could not bear the separation.

sailed from Charlestown on the 2nd of November, 1799, and arrived safe, after a pleasant voyage, in the river Thames, on the 6th of December.

As my father, in his letters, had informed me that my brother John was a grocer in London, I soon found, by the Directory, his place of residence. After I had conducted my wife and son to an inn, I visited my brother, who was overjoyed at the unexpected interview. He invited me to make his house my home; but willing to avail myself of a more salubrious situation, I took lodgings in Pentonville, where I find my health gradually renovated.

In my rambles through the metropolis, I am generally accompanied by Oneida, who has resigned our son to the care of a nursery-maid; and as the observations of my Indian are the dictates of untutored nature, a few of them may not be unamusing to the reader.

As we passed through one of the principal streets, Oneida suddenly stopped, with a look of horror. When I enquired the cause, she pointed to the window of a hair-dresser's shop, and exclaimed, "What a number of scalps have these inhuman wretches torn from the heads of their fellow-creatures!"—"No, my dear," repli-I, "these are what they call wigs; it is become the fashion for our ladies to cut off their own hair, and wear that others."—"A most ridiculous fashion, indeed," said she.

She frequently mistook footmen for people of great rank, on account of the lace on their clothes; and she seemed highly delighted with the fine complexion and beauty of the women.

Willing to gratify her with a theatrical exhibition, and convinced that Pizarro, from the circumstance of having several Indian characteres, would be particularly interesting, I conducted her to Drury lane theatre.

Before the representation, she was enraptured with the music of the orchestra. She was also highly delighted with the tender dialogue between Alonzo and Cora. The procession of the Priests and Virgins of the Sun fixed her in mute attention; and she trembled at the descent of the fire upon the altar. The scene where the Peruvian women and children appear among the rocks, made her exclaim, "They are very like our people in North America!"

The distress of Cora, in the beginning of the fifth act, excited the sympathy of Oneida; she spoke feelingly of the poor mother and child; but was struck with what she deemed the absurdity of Cora singing in such a situation. "If I were in her place," said she, "I would weep instead of singing." When Cora missed her child, my Indian felt almost as much agony as the actress feigned.

As I now begin to feel a gradual restoration of my health, I intend to revisit my native land in the course of the summer; where, amid the peaceful scenes of retirement, I hope to forget my misfortunes, and bend with grateful reverence to that Being, whose providence has conducted me through dangers to safety and social happiness.

*Conclusion of Barry's Travels.*

# AN ESSAY

ON

# *The Means of Improving in Eloquence.*

(FROM DR. BLAIR'S LECTURES.)

TO be an eloquent ſpeaker, in the proper ſenſe of the word, is far from being either a common or an eaſy attainment. Indeed, to compoſe a florid harangue on ſome popular topic, and to deliver it ſo as to amuſe an audience, is a matter not very difficult. But though ſome praiſe be due to this, yet the idea, which I have conceived of eloquence, is much higher. It is a great exertion of the human powers. It is the art of being perſuaſive and commanding; the art, not of pleaſing the fancy merely, but of ſpeaking both to the underſtanding and to the heart; of intereſting the hearers in ſuch a degree, as to ſeize and carry them along with us; and to leave them with a deep and long impreſſion of what they have heard. How many talents, natural and acquired, muſt concur in carrying this to perfection! A ſtrong, lively, and warm imagination; quick ſenſibility of heart, joined with ſolid judgment, good ſenſe, and preſence of mind; all improved by great and long attention to ſtyle and compoſition: and ſupported alſo by the exterior, yet important qualifications, of a graceful manner, a preſence not ungainly, and a full and tuneable voice. How little reaſon to wonder, that a perfect and accompliſhed orator ſhould be one of the characters that is moſt rarely to be found!

Let us not deſpair, however. Between mediocrity and perfection there is a very wide interval. There are many intermediate ſpaces, which may be filled up with honour; and the more rare and difficult that complete perfection is, the greater is the honour of approaching to it, though we do not fully attain it. The number of orators who ſtand in the higheſt claſs is, perhaps, ſmaller than the number of poets who are foremoſt in poetic fame; but the ſtudy of

oratory has this advantage above that of poetry, that, in poetry, one muſt be an eminently good performer, or he is not ſupportable. In Eloquence this does not hold. There, one may poſſeſs a moderate ſtation with dignity. Eloquence admits of a great many different forms; plain and ſimple, as well as high and pathetic; and a genius that cannot reach the latter, may ſhine with much reputation and uſefulneſs in the former.

After theſe preliminary obſervations, let us proceed to the main deſign of this lecture; to treat of the means to be uſed for improvement in eloquence.

In the firſt place, what ſtands higheſt in the order of means, is perſonal character and diſpoſition. In order to be a truly eloquent or perſuaſive ſpeaker, nothing is more neceſſary than to be a virtuous man. To find any ſuch connection between virtue and one of the higheſt liberal arts, muſt give pleaſure; and it can, I think, be clearly ſhewn, that this is not a mere topic of declamation, but that the connection here alledged, is undoubtedly found in truth and reaſon.

For, conſider, firſt, Whether any thing contributes more to perſuaſion, than the opinion which we entertain of the probity, diſintereſtedneſs, candour, and other good moral qualities of the perſon who endeavours to perſuade?—Theſe give weight and force to every thing which he utters; nay, they add a beauty to it; they diſpoſe us to liſten with attention and pleaſure; and create a partiality in favour of that ſide which he eſpouſes. Whereas if we entertain a ſuſpicion of craft and diſingenuity, of a corrupt, or a baſe mind, in the ſpeaker, his eloquence loſes all its real effect. It may entertain and amuſe; but it is viewed as artifice, as trick, as the play only of ſpeech; and, viewed in this light, whom can it perſuade? We even read a book with more pleaſure, when we think favourably of its author; but when we have the living ſpeaker before our eyes, addreſſing us perſonally on ſome ſubject of importance, the opinion we entertain of his character, muſt have a much more powerful effect.

But, leſt it ſhould be ſaid, that this relates only to the character of virtue, which one may maintain, without being at bottom a truly worthy man, I muſt obſerve farther, that beſides the weight which it adds to character, real virtue operates alſo in other ways, to the advantage of eloquence.

First, nothing is ſo favourable as virtue to the proſecution of honourable ſtudies. It prompts a generous emulation to excel; it inures to induſtry; it leaves the mind vacant and free, maſter of itſelf, diſencumbered of thoſe bad paſſions, and diſengaged from thoſe mean purſuits, which have ever been found the greateſt enemies to true proficiency.

But, beſides this conſideration, there is another of ſtill higher importance, though I am not ſure of its being attended to as much as it deſerves; namely, that from the fountain of real and genuine virtue, are drawn thoſe ſentiments which will ever be moſt powerful in affecting the hearts of others. Bad as the world is, nothing has ſo great and univerſal a command over the minds of men as virtue. No kind of language is ſo generally underſtood, and ſo powerfully felt, as the native language of worthy and virtuous feelings. He only, therefore, who poſſeſſes theſe full and ſtrong, can ſpeak properly, and in its own language, to the heart. On all great ſubjects and occaſions, there is a dignity, there is an energy in noble ſentiments, which is overcoming and irreſiſtible. They give an ardour and a flame to one's diſcourſe, which ſeldom fails to kindle a like flame in thoſe who hear; and which, more than any other cauſe, beſtows on eloquence that power, for which it is famed, of ſeizing and tranſporting an audience. Here art and imitation will not avail. An aſſumed character conveys nothing of this powerful warmth. It is only a native and unaffected glow of feeling, which can tranſmit the emotion to others. Hence the moſt renowned orators, ſuch as Cicero and Demoſthenes, were no leſs diſtinguiſhed for ſome of the high virtues, as public ſpirit and zeal for their country, than for eloquence. Beyond doubt, to theſe virtues their eloquence owed much of its effect; and thoſe orations of theirs, in which there breathes moſt of the virtuous and magnanimous ſpirit, are thoſe which have moſt attracted the admiration of ages.

Nothing, therefore, is more neceſſary for thoſe who would excel in any of the higher kinds of oratory, than to cultivate habits of the ſeveral virtues, and to refine and improve all their moral feelings. Whenever theſe become dead, or callous, they may be aſſured, that on every great occaſion, they will ſpeak with leſs power, and leſs ſucceſs. The ſentiment and diſpoſitions particularly requiſite for them cultivate, are the following: the love of juſtice and order, and indignation at inſolence and oppreſſion; the love

of honeſty and truth, and deteſtation of fraud, meanneſs and corruption; magnanimity of ſpirit: the love of liberty, of their country and the public; zeal for all great and noble deſigns, and reverence for all worthy and heroic characters. A cold and ſceptical turn of mind is extremely adverſe to eloquence; and no leſs ſo, is that cavelling diſpoſition which takes pleaſure in depreciating what is great, and ridiculing what is generally admired. Such a diſpoſition beſpeaks not one very likely to excel in any thing; but leaſt of all in oratory. A true orator ſhould be a perſon of generous ſentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned towards the admiration of all thoſe great and high objects which mankind are naturally formed to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he ſhould, at the ſame time, poſſeſs ſtrong and tender ſenſibility to all the injuries, diſtreſſes, and ſorrows, of his fellow-creatures; a heart that can eaſily relent; that can readily enter into the circumſtances of others, and can make their caſe his own. A proper mixture of courage, and of modeſty, muſt alſo be ſtudied by every public ſpeaker. Modeſty is eſſential: it is always, and juſtly, ſuppoſed to be a concomitant of merit; and every appearance of it is winning and prepoſſeſſing. But modeſty ought not to run into exceſſive timidity. Every public ſpeaker ſhould be able to reſt ſomewhat on himſelf; and to aſſume that air, not of ſelf-complacency, but of firmneſs, which beſpeaks a conſciouſneſs of his being thoroughly perſuaded of the truth or juſtice, of what he delivers; a circumſtance of no ſmall conſequence for making impreſſion on thoſe who hear.

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